

STUDENT'S PEN



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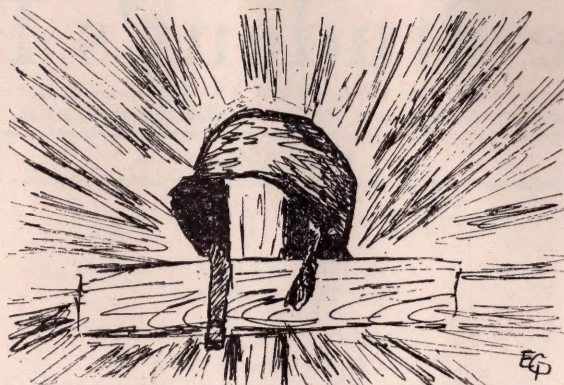


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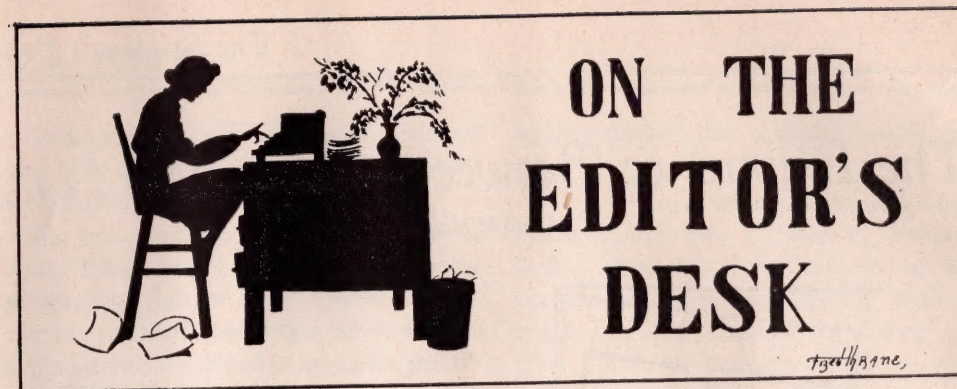
Safely Rest

Quietly the notes of the bugle slide away. Humbly heads are lowered in tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice, the heroic dead of the great war. A year ago their life's blood quenched the thirst of the earth. Today they sleep forever in its kind cloak. Wherever neat rows of white crosses mark the spots where American war dead have been laid to rest, a soldier may be reverently kneeling in silent prayer and remembrance.

In the minds of those who mourn, these dead will always be young, with strong, healthy bodies and happy, lovable hearts.

In this month their memories are honored. Wreaths of flowers mark their resting place.

What they have done may soon be forgotten in the confusion of an ever-changing world—what they stood for will remain a living symbol forever.



For Mercy's Sake

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

FOR the past eight years the world has been at work taming one of the dreaded mythical "Four Horsemen", "War". After thousands have perished miserably, striving for its defeat, the rider has finally been dismounted and the horse broken. Now another of the messengers of devastation is galloping at a terrifying speed across the world. A result of "War", "Famine" is rapidly overtaking our fellow beings and mercilessly striking down scores, disregarding all barriers.

The Americans, at present, are the best fed and the healthiest people on earth. It can be truthfully said of every American that he has more than enough food to keep him alive. Europeans are perishing daily because of the lack of food. Adults and children alike do not have a sufficient diet to keep them alive and healthy. Tuberculosis is spreading quickly and will be followed by other serious diseases if these people are not soon fed properly. Before nations will submit entirely to complete starvation, they will fight to preserve themselves. Thus they and perhaps, eventually we ourselves, will be trodden down by all the "Four Horsemen"—"War", "Famine", "Disease" and "Pestilence" if something is not done to adjust prevailing conditions.

If the United States is able to take care of its food problems comfortably, why cannot the Americans share their bounties? At present the U.N.R.R.A. is supervising all

aid sent to the starving people of the world. One of its administrators is Fiorello LaGuardia, former mayor of New York City. The United States government is depending on him and his associates to solve the serious problem of relieving the starving. Mr. La Guardia has asked his fellow citizens to give aid by contributing money to the U.N.R.R.A. for the purpose of buying wholesale canned foods to be sent overseas. Communities have been asked to give canned food or money or to adopt a plan of their own, but, by all means, to help in any way possible.

Our fellowmen, whatever their race, nationality, or religion, are starving across the waters. We Americans have been lucky in the past. We have experienced hardships, but never have we, as a whole nation, undergone such a catastrophe.

The starving overseas are our neighbors, however distant they may be. For this reason we should need no urging at all to give them help. It is our duty as inhabitants of the earth to share our food with our less fortunate brothers. If we were starving ourselves, we would desire the same aid. If we truly desire the Peace of the world, we will need no urging. We will give immediately to our needy fellow beings.

Let us put to practical use the proverb, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

The Difference Between a Lie And . . .

By Coralie Howe



GREG VELANSON knew he was being pursued, but he was not surprised. It was not easy for war veterans to evade the girls at Pawling High School. He turned sharply and faced a short, baby-faced girl, whom he recognized as the flirtatious junior who sat near him in algebra class.

"Want something?" Greg asked, with a superior air.

"Well, I uh—uh was just wondering if you'd be interested in buying a ticket for the Junior Prom," she stammered, "I'm on the committee, and—"

Greg suppressed a smile, and pretended to look indignant. "Me? The Junior Prom? Look, sister—I've got a wife and ten kids—"

Shock and embarrassment spread over the young girl's face. "Oh," she murmured, and turning, fled down the hall, as Greg bent over like a nutcracker, in a fit of laughter.

"That's an awfully big family for a man

of—oh, twenty-three or so," remarked a feminine voice just behind him.

Greg wheeled around, encountering a summery young woman, with pale blonde feathered hair and green eyes. After a vague moment, "Glenys!" he cried, "Glenys Walker!" He grasped her hand and pumped it up and down vigorously. "Well, fancy meeting you here. What are you doing in high school?"

"I was just wondering what you were doing here," she remarked suavely, "After all, with a wife and ten children you should be out earning money for them. And, by the way, I think that little girl really believed you."

"Aw—I just did it for a joke. That kid is a pest. Name is Diane Daly or something. She does nothing but talk to me all during algebra class. I had to fix her somehow. Now let's get down to business—I was in the Navy for three years, and since I just got my discharge, I decided to take a refresher here for the remaining part of the school year—then, my ambition soars toward M. I. T. How about you?"

"WAC for fourteen months," Glenys replied. "Before that I was at Junior College. After brushing up a bit here, I'll be taking a business course at Columbia.—Goodness! There goes the bell." She turned to enter the classroom, and smiling at him, said, "Do you want me to fix you up for a date with Diane?"

Greg made a face, and replied, "I'd appreciate it more if you'd fix me up with you."

And Glenys did just that. Almost every afternoon after school, Greg took her riding in his car, around the city and through surrounding towns. And it wasn't long before

he began to think he'd like to buy one of those nice little country homes they often passed for Glenys some day.

But, as everything that goes up must come down, Greg, who was by now high in the clouds, was deflated much against his will, and hit the earth suddenly and very hard. Glenys had a diamond ring! Greg hadn't noticed it before. Maybe she had just received it, but she was wearing it on the third finger, left hand, and if that wasn't an incentive for any man to drop out of a woman's life, what was?

Disgusted and disillusioned, Greg decided that Glenys had been leading him on a string and that he would let her go without saying anything about it.

So the little romance was ended as quickly as it had begun, and Greg, setting forth a front of nonchalance, found solace in the amusement of deluding and beguiling Diane Daly into thinking he was interested in her.

But, the worm turned one morning, for as Greg was about to enter his algebra class, someone tapped him lightly on the arm. He turned and looked down on a pale yellow halo and wistful green eyes.

"H—hello, Glenys," he managed, "Anything I—can do for you?"

Glenys fluttered her eyelashes. "I was just going to ask you to come up to supper tonight—that is, if you'd like to."

Greg felt the red creeping up around his ears. He glanced at her hand, and saw the lightning sparkle of her ring.

He felt hot and angry. "Some people have a lot of nerve," he blurted awkwardly; "a person that's engaged really shouldn't fool around an awful lot, shall I say, enticing other acquaintances."

"Who's engaged?" Glenys asked quickly, "are you engaged?"

Greg's lips parted in a sneer, "Oh, stop acting like a ten year old. Don't think I

haven't noticed that diamond you're sporting."

Glenys stared at him quizzically for a moment, and then a beam of realization flashed across her face. She held her hand up, and eyeing the ring, giggled, "If I'm engaged I've been engaged for a long time. This is a family heirloom which my grandmother gave me, and it doesn't fit any other finger!"

Greg's mouth dropped open, and after a ridiculous moment of silence, he and the girl laughed together.

"Wow," he said, when he had recovered himself, "Sure—I'll be up tonight."

Greg sauntered into the classroom, and no sooner had he seated himself, than his day-dreams were interrupted by a tap behind his ear. He looked up at Diane Daly, whose hands were raised in the air, about to bring a book playfully down on his head.

"Go 'way," he said, "I'm married again."

"Fibarricator," Diane said, with a hurt expression, and sat down.

As Glenys and Greg came out of school that day, they saw Diane run down to meet a sad-faced young boy with his hands thrust solidly into his pockets.

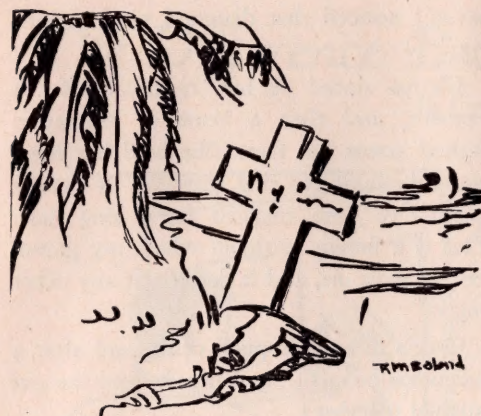
"That's Diane's prep school friend—Jerry Dawes," Glenys offered, and as she and Greg approached nearer, the conversation they overheard was somewhat surprising.

"Greg Velanson asked me to the Junior Prom," Diane was saying.

"Yeah?" Jerry mumbled, digging the toe of his shoe in the dirt, "Are you going with him?"

"Oh, no," Diane replied airily, "It's on the same night as the prep school prom you asked me to."

Greg tossed his head and said to Glenys, "What 'fibarricators' the people in the world are getting to be," and as he passed by the forlorn Jerry, he gave him a big wink.



HALF MAST

By Betty Jean Buckley

Up, up the flag will go
Then downward will descend,
To honor those who gave their lives
Our country to defend.
In North and South, East and West,
They rest beneath the sod.
With heads bowed down in solemn prayer
We entrust them to their God.

FOUR RULES

By Claire and Alma Rosenfield

Be true: for truth will make a future bright,
Will free the mind from the dark depths of night
That comes with cold dishonesty and hate.
Be wise: for wisdom takes from man the fear
Of knowing not what comes with every year,
So learn, for learning never comes too late.
Be gay: life's golden thread grows thin so fast;
For Youth, too soon the happy years are past,
And work will take the laughter from thy face.
Be kind; for kindness rules the weary lands
That hunger for the touch of gentle hands
To help the poor and lonely in life's race.
Forget these ancient rules, and life is cold;
Follow these simple rules, and you have gold.

EASTER SONG

By Betty Kreiger

Long ago when the world was young
And filled with hate and sin,
A star shone in the sky one night
And silently He crept in.

He came to teach and to right men's wrongs
And to bring souls to His side,
But few would listen and many laughed,
And He was crucified.

Nailed to the Cross by His people's sins
He gave all He had to give.
Dark were the clouds in the sky that day
When He died so that man might live.

Rent wide was the heart of His Mother blest
As she watched her dying son;
And ne'er had more sorrow engulfed the world
Since the day it had first begun.

But lo, on the dark earth broke a light,
A shining heavenly beam,
That swept away all the mourning clouds
And set all the world agleam.

Then out of the silence, a voice spoke clear
From the heavens overhead,
"Jesus, the Son of the living God,
Is risen from the dead."

And then all the holy angels filled
The air with heavenly song
While, to the tomb where He was laid,
The curious folk did throng.

Within, a white-robed angel sat
Who said, "He is reborn,"
And then, in joy, the people prayed
That first great Easter morn.

In Defense of the Persecuted

By Janet Clark

WITH constant bickerings and controversies now prevalent in our country concerning the merits and demerits of every organization from the "sock-dyers union" to the O.P.A., it probably is not the most logical time to champion still another group, which, although unorganized and unrepresented has, in my opinion, every right to form a defensive union against the merciless criticism which the outside world constantly provides. However, being a member of this unfortunate and little-admired group myself, I feel that the time has come to call public attention to our piteous plight.

To clarify your minds at the outset, I refer to that sorely misunderstood and seldom-lauded group—those of us who admit to being an only child.

Have any of you other more fortunate people stopped to consider that we are not necessarily the scourge of the earth or the main cause of juvenile delinquency in this country? Oh, yes, we know how much the appellation, "only child", has been slandered, and at my mere admission of being one of these unfortunates, I can see you shaking your heads disgustedly and pronouncing judgment immediately. But wait a moment—we down-trodden people have a case to present.

First there is that moniker with which the misinformed invariably tag us—"spoiled brat". But you are sadly mistaken when you use that erroneous term, as any of my unfortunate colleagues can readily assure you. For where in our lives is that wonderful "someone else" who can be blamed for all our misdeeds when our enraged parents finally discover our latest crime?

Spoiled brats? Quite the opposite, for contrary to popular opinion, we do not spend our home life ensconced in red plush chairs, waited upon constantly by adoring parents!

There is also another equally unhappy side to our situation. Have you lucky people (you probably had never considered yourselves lucky before now) who can boast brother and sisters, really ever appreciated what an asset they are? Think of all the wonderful times and comical experiences you have shared with them (between frequent fights, of course!) Looking at it purely from a girl's standpoint, think how forlorn it must be to have no big sister to rob of those prize nylons, new sweaters, or that precious bottle of rare "Come a Little Closer" perfume.

Equally dire, I assure you, is the fate of being brotherless. Besides the useful sport clothes one can accumulate in successive raids on his wardrobe, there is the added enjoyment of meeting his interesting friends (provided, of course, that he is older) whom he will unsuspectingly bring home as innocent prey for your fatal wiles.

Since there are two sides to every argument, it would be unfair to close my case without adding at least a few words about its merits. Despite my previous remark, I shall have to admit that we really lead quite happy lives, with the additional asset of having no bothersome small brothers or sisters to care for at some inopportune occasion. Then, too, we live in a much more peaceful household, with no one of the same age to participate in the eternal quarrels which brothers and sisters seem invariably to have.

With these conclusions, I rest my case. But, in the future, when meeting some long-suffering lone offspring, dear reader, take to heart the arguments presented here and shudder sympathetically when he utters that well-worn and much-abused phrase, "I am an only child."

It's Been a Long, Long Time

By Alma and Claire Rosenfield

THE glorious sun is blazing outside. It is the kind of day during which we would like to be free from the laborious tasks that have haunted us since last September, but we are consoled by the fact that there are about six more weeks of school. Being only human (we hope), we cannot resist putting down our pencils and day-dreaming while an absorbing discussion concerning the internal structure of a frog is taking place. Being extremely careful not to injure our delicate craniums, we gently run our fingers through our hair (this applies to everyone except those boys who have shed their locks for the summer) and think of how wonderful it will be when the voice of that creation of the devil, the alarm clock, will no longer mean the beginning of a day filled with the trials and tribulations of school. We close our weary eyes for a moment to dream of cool, refreshing breezes rippling the lake waters of some delightful summer resort. We can see ourselves gracefully paddling a canoe and gazing up into a golden sun that does not

have Latin verbs written all over its pleasant face. For a short time only do we have our minds filled with such distant things; for the call of knowledge, plus the stentorian call of the teacher, brings us back to grim reality. Do not despair, however, for this long-anticipated time is only short w—ah, well, six long weeks and several departmentals away.

Although the days are becoming warmer, do not think that our minds are free from thoughts of a cool, secluded place far from the searching gaze of that nasty man, the truant officer. Unfortunately, our consciences, in the form of our mothers, have something to say, so here we are—martyrs, struggling until the last bitter moment. Our heads are bloody but unbowed.

Let us greet the vacation as those who have been imprisoned within the four walls of education for ten months should, and let us not forget that famous old proverb, "Let us eat, drink coca cola, and be merry, for in September we return to school."

Another Walk in the Sun

By Paull Giddings

THERE had been seven when they started. Seven strong, straight-backed young Americans had started on that grueling march in the broiling afternoon sun. Now only one was left. The others had broken under the incessant beating of those waves of heat, and had turned back or had fallen exhausted at the roadside.

The young man in the khaki uniform smiled grimly to himself. Only he was left to reach the Objective—the Objective that he knew lay ahead.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of it through the trees. Breaking into a run, he forced his leaden legs to carry him down the dusty road. He fell once, but dragging himself to his feet again, he stumbled on. A moment later, he caught sight of the figure of a man! He knew he had gambled and lost. He sank to the ground, utterly exhausted.

The man looked down at the small boy in the soldier suit. "Sorry, son," he said kindly. "This land's posted now. You can't use your swimming hole any more."

VETERANS AT P. H. S.



MORE and more veterans are enrolling at P. H. S. In addition to those listed in last month's *PEN*, are the following:

Robert E. Shepard, formerly in the Navy for one year and four months. Part of this time he was stationed at San Diego, California. Bob is aiming for R. P. I. and an aeronautical engineering career.

Joseph Carmody, a veteran of two years and eight months in the Army. During this time he was stationed in Burma and China. He is preparing for mechanical engineering at Tri-State.

Edward Lucas, formerly in the Navy for eighteen months, stationed at Newport, Rhode Island. A law course at Boston University is first on the agenda for him.

Harold Osborne, a veteran of four years in the liaison division of the Navy. He served in North Africa and for three years in the Pacific. He is studying for entrance to Medical School at Gary, Indiana.

Schuyler T. Crowell, in the Army Air Corps for three and one-half years. He is preparing for engineering at R. P. I.

Philip Formel, formerly serving for three

and one-half years in the infantry in the South Pacific. He is another aspirant to an engineering career at R. P. I.

Bernard Renard, a veteran of thirty-one months in the Army Air Corps. He has thirty-seven missions to his credit and was stationed in the Philippines and Okinawa. He is preparing for Ohio Wesleyan.

Steve St. Palley, formerly in the Army Signal Corps for three years. He was last stationed at Okinawa. Steve is making plans for a chemical engineering course at Massachusetts State.

Ralph J. Valentino, formerly in the Army Amphibious Engineering Corps for thirty-three months. During his twenty-four months overseas in the Pacific theater, he served in New Guinea and the Philippines. He is studying for Colgate and a pre-medical course.

William Palmer, formerly in the Armored Force for thirty months. During this time he was in Europe for two years. He is preparing for college.

Wesley Ashley, a veteran of thirty-eight months in the Navy, serving in the West Indies and South America. He is planning to study forestry at college.

Richard Bovett, formerly in the army for thirty months. During this time he served in Europe. Dick is making future plans for taking up forestry at Syracuse University.

Philip Burgess, formerly in the Navy for thirty-nine months. During this time he served in both the Atlantic and Pacific. He is planning an electrical course at college.

James Bushey, formerly in the Navy for three years. During this period he was in the European Theater of Operations for two years. Music seems to be in the forefront for him now, and he is already going places with his swing band.

Who's Who



JACK POTTER

If you are looking for a good, all-round fellow meet Jack Potter. Jack is president of the Hi-Y Council, treasurer of Torch Hi-Y, a P. H. S. band trombonist and Vocational School reporter for the PEN. Any warm breezy day will find Jack sailing on Ponttoosuc Lake or camping in some nearby woods. Jack hopes to be an officer in the maritime service (the navy seems to have the situation well in hand) so we may expect to see him sporting the "scrambled eggs" in the future.



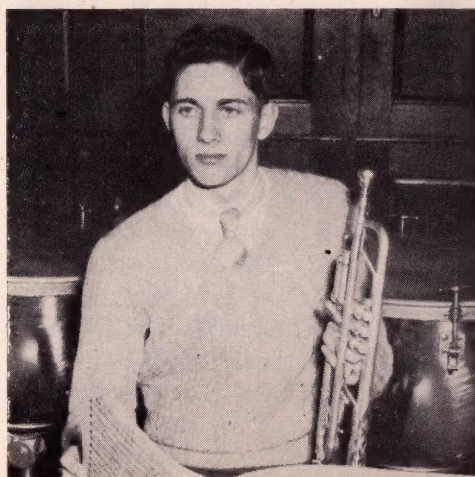
DAVID MENDEL

With one eye on the maestro and another on the notes, David Mendel, band concert soloist, is caught in this serious pose as he is about to begin rehearsal for this event to take place June 7. Dave, a member of the P. H. S. band and orchestra, can be found at any time playing the role of trumpeter or builder of model airplanes. In between times he pauses to dream of his future as an aeronautical engineer.



JOSEPH LOEHR

Here you see Chairman Joseph Loehr busily preparing the Class Day program. When, in years to come, we see Admiral Loehr riding down North Street with crowds cheering the man who as a high school lad planned to make the navy his career, we'll be able to tell our grandchildren that it was he who made our Class Day a success. Joe relaxes from his work by skiing and eating. He may be an amateur at the former, but at the latter we know that he is a professional.

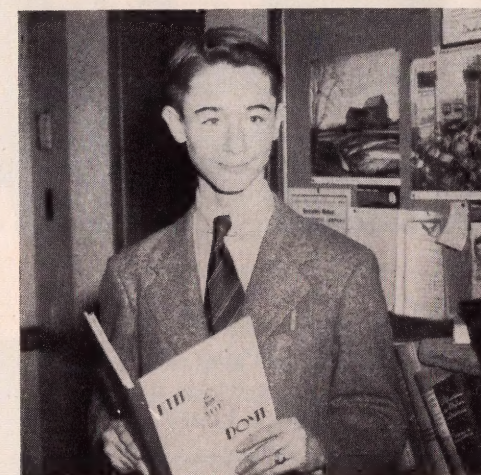


JEANNE FULBRIGGE AND CHARLES HUNT

Seniors, when you've finished smacking your lips and rubbing your tummies after your graduation banquet, step up and shake the hands of the co-chairmen of the banquet committee, Jeanne Fulbrigg and Charles Hunt, who planned the wonderful meal and all the trimmings. This picture was snapped while they were solving one of the many problems involved,—deciding the menu,—and from all appearances it seems that the Seniors will enjoy themselves thoroughly. When you dance to the strains of your favorite waltz at the dance that follows the banquet, you can thank these two for a wonderful never-to-be-forgotten evening.

RODERICK DELANEY

High powered salestalk and a pleasing personality have made possible the large number of orders of the 1946 Year Book, which circulation manager Roderick Delaney is holding. If he practices the art of philately, listens to Guy Lombardo, and plays baseball with as much enthusiasm as he sells yearbooks, he is a true lover of his hobbies. Rod's ambition to excel in whatever career he may choose is becoming fulfilled with the increasing success of Yearbook sales.



ELIZABETH KREIGER

This pert young lady, Miss Elizabeth Kreiger, is living up to her name as vice-president of the Motion Picture Club by filling the role as a busy executive. Here we find her industriously studying a Radio and Motion Picture Guide in the hope of finding some new angles for the club. Betty is not only a busy executive but also a talented poetess (PEN staff Feature Editor besides). If she intends to become a lawyer, she is headed in the right direction. Proof—the 1946 Yearbook Class Will, which she and her associates drew up. Betty, who has a well rounded sports life, is full of pep and vitality, making her a mighty popular young lady.

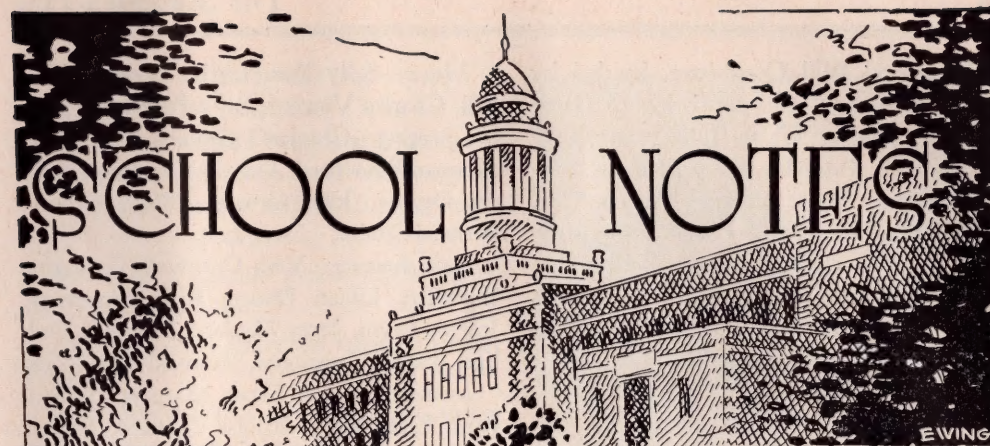




Above: August Marra, President of the Student Council, presents a Parker Life Time fountain pen to Mr. Strout on his twenty-fifth anniversary as Principal of Pittsfield High School. Barbara Kinghorn, William Hearn, Senior Class President, Martin Flynn, Robertine Watson and Walter Creer look smiling on.



Right: Barbara Kinghorn does the honors, presenting roses for Mrs. Strout.



SENIOR CLASS NEWS

Only one more month to go, Seniors! It doesn't even seem that long when all around us we see different committee members busily preparing for that big night—the night of the Senior Class Banquet and Senior Prom. Charles Hunt and Jean Fuhlbrigge have certainly got their crew down to business! In case you're not familiar with all the various committee members, here's the roll call.

Decorating Committee: Chairman, Charles Thompson; Charlotte Grover, Doris Keene, Jean Horrigan, Marjorie Thebodo, Barbara Londergan, Fred Shultz, Joseph Patella, Louis Principe, Herbert Sammon.

Table Decorating Committee: Chairman, Anita Eberwein; Marie Lowery, Gloria Gaylord, Barbara Goldsmith, Hattie Hall, Eleanor Bearzi, Jeanne Cusato, Shirley Grant, Edith Evans.

Music Committee: Chairman, Francis Cronin; Raymond Connor, Ann La Porte, Richard Farnham, Sophie Buksa.

Invitation Committee: Chairman, June Gogan; Marion Carey, Marguerite Hogue.

Program Committee: Chairman, Kenneth Turner; Remo Vergati, Jack Leahy, Evelyn Seagraves, Lillian Francese.

Toast Committee: Chairman, Joan Burns; Joan Fossa, Robert Boussiere, Warren Harmon.

Reception Committee: Chairman Jeanne U. Murphy; Barbara Kinghorn, Theda Litrides, Mary Morano, Athena G. Giftos, August Marra, John Goewey, Joseph Bolster, Charles Volk, John Moran.

House Committee: Chairman, Martin Pullano; Doris Cella, Kay Byrne, Donald Davis, Donald Read, David Mendell, George Brooks, Jack Wright.

Your Yearbook editor, Ernest Gniadek, and his aids can now breathe a long sigh of relief. The Yearbook has gone to press! Now the worries of the Circulating Department have begun. The head of the committee is Roderick Delaney. Assisting him are: Mildred Montleone, Marie Lowery, Marjorie Hctor, Margaret Gibbs, Shirley Datt, Norman Crocker, Nancy Bemiss, Priscilla Ostrander, Leonard Smith, Kenneth Wheeler, Jacqueline Girard, Louis Chrzanowski, Edwin Potter and Robert Prendergast.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

As soon as election of officers was over, the Junior Class buckled down and began to plan coming events. May 1 was the deadline decided upon for submission of ring samples to John Williams, Class Ring Committee Chairman, and his committee composed of Jack Macbeth, Earl Zoph, Barbara Vettors, William Foley, Nancy May, Marilyn Reder, Maida Kirchner, Edith Brookner, Barbara Komuniecki.

The Good Will Committee, headed by Margaret Beahan, and consisting of Garry Gruning, Therese Walsh, Julia Stowe, Priscilla Parsons, Pat May, Judy Fleming, Mildred Barnes, Marie Bishop, Thelma Coe, and Bernice Donnelly, has been busily sending flowers to cheer those members of the Junior Class who are ill. If anyone knows of such a case, report it to the chairman or a member of the committee.

THE JUNIOR PROM

With the advent of spring and the month of May, everyone's thoughts turn to the Junior Prom. This year is no exception and the Class of 1947 is sponsoring this annual event. On March 5, at a meeting of the Junior Class Council, Donald Debacher was elected chairman of the Prom, and the following committees were chosen:

Publicity—Bruce Mattoon, Jack Horrigan, Bruce Brown, Jack Fitch, Louis Principe, Marjorie Sullivan, Muriel Butler, Dorothy Reid, Eleanor Parker, Rosemary Persip;

Tickets—Paul Deame, Robert Avasle, Betty Coy, William D. Richards, Pat May, Judy Fleming, Bernice Donnelly, Eleanor Reed, Dorothy Prendergast;

Program—Dot Kelley, Joan Jefferson, Edith Persip, Joan O'Donnell, Angela Conte, Bruce Williams, Nicholas Mele;

House—William Bagg, Robert Slater, Eugene Kosche, Garry Gruning, Joseph Bazano;

Reception—Janet Clark, Claire McEachron, Patricia O'Brien, Ruth McKean, Carol Wheeler, Priscilla Retallick, Myron Adelson, Charles Bordeau, Ray Warner, William Flynn, James Robinson;

Decorations—Barbara Peterson, Mildred Barnes, Beth Harrington, Lorraine Hanford, Leonard Perry, James Fazio, Edwin Maska, Bob Lambert, Shiras Reeves, Richard Blais, David Miles, Paul Aitken, Harold Agar, William Hogan, Jack Rose;

Music—Sally Ann Little, Dorothy Haskell, Charles Vincent, Sally Power;

Checking—Charles Godberson, Allan Skole, Norman Blanchard, Donald Crawford, Robert Dewitt, John Groves, Alfred Quinto, Bernard Cimini;

Refreshments—Vera Cornwell, Catherine Danyliko, Lillian Dodge, Ruth Goodnow, Joseph Pavin, Jerry Gaylord, Kenneth Phillips, James Campagna, Armand Quadrozzi.

Invitations—Jean Ernst, Margaret Beahan, Ruth Earnshaw, Marjorie Quillard, Marcia Rosen.

THE CHORAL CONCERT

The annual Choral Concert given in the P. H. S. auditorium on May 10 was a great success. A large share of the credit should be given to Pittsfield High's able music director, Mr. F. Carl Gorman. The first part of the program was given by the Girls' Glee Club, accompanied by Jean Travers and Freda Massery. The girls did a beautiful job on their six selections which were "A Hymn to Music"—Franck, "Darkey Lullaby" (Humoresque)—Dvorak, "Old Folks at Home"—Foster, "Murmuring Zephyrs"—Jensen, "Cradle Song"—Arensky, "The Fairy Dance"—Arditi. The two most outstanding numbers were "Murmuring Zephyrs" and the "Cradle Song."

The program was concluded with a few selections from the operetta, "Patience" by the cast.

PAN AMERICAN WEEK ASSEMBLY

The speaker for Pan American Week was Mr. Roland Barnfather. Having been a former student and teacher at P. H. S. he came here in a new role as lecturer. Talking to the juniors and seniors, he discussed our relationships with the South American peoples, going into their history and customs. During the question period, he answered questions on the present-day problems of our countries to the south.

TRI-HI-Y AND HI-Y NOTES

All the Tri-Hi-Y and Hi-Y Clubs are busy planning their annual banquets. During the past weeks all the clubs have been very active. Every Tuesday and Wednesday night is alive with club activities.

Beta held a hayride April 9th to which they invited friends.

Alpha also had a hayride during the past month.

Delta recently had a covered dish supper with the girls from Dalton Tri-Hi. They did the inviting this time. They were invited by Senior Hi-Y on a bicycle ride and had a very enjoyable time.

Gamma has had a successful Rummage Sale and is now planning a "Pop" Concert. They have been entertained by both Senior and Torch lately. Torch invited them on a hayride, while Senior held movies for them. Both were enjoyed by all.

Sigma recently had their pictures taken and are now (as this issue goes to press) busy practising for their play.

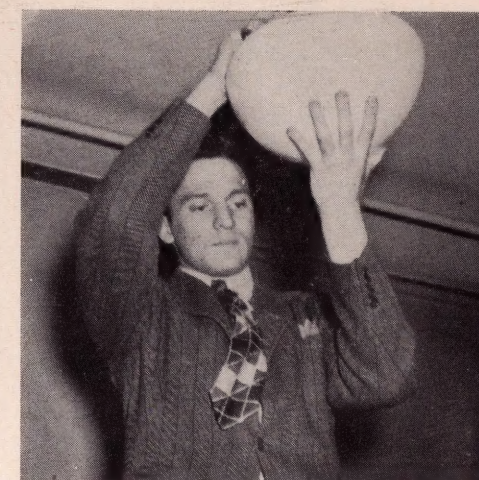
Zeta's annual card party was very successful this year, as it always is.

Senior and Torch have lately been busy entertaining the girl's clubs. Senior held a hayride to which they invited their (girl?) friends?? Ned Crown is now Senior's adviser and he is doing a swell job.

At the "Y" on April 19th a Good Friday Breakfast Service was held. All members of the Tri-Hi-Y and Hi-Y were invited.

On April 30th an all club's party was held by Torch and Senior.

In March the annual Tri-Hi Conference was held. Twenty-one girls and four advisers went to the conference at Quincy. According to reports everyone had an enjoyable time. The theme for the conference was "Design For Complete Living." Another conference was also held in West Springfield and a large number of girls attended.



MARTIN PULLANO

The young man in this picture is not a bulb-snatcher. Of course, he is Martin Pullano, the torch carrier of P. H. S. The lighting of this year's Senior Prom is being skillfully engineered by Marty. Here he gives you an example of the many tasks which rest upon his shoulders as House Committee Chairman. Marty, by no means a dilettante at music and screwy inventions, plans to electrify the world. If you don't believe it, run up some Saturday night to the Oasis and see for yourself the cleverly designed light that hangs from the middle of the gymnasium ceiling.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

During the month of May, the members of the club saw and discussed the motion pictures "From This Day Forward" and "Sentimental Journey".

The Annual Meeting of the Motion Picture Club is scheduled for Friday, May 17. The procedure of past annual meetings will be continued, with the reading of reports by the retiring officers and committee chairmen; the selection of the best movie, actor, and actress of 1945-6; refreshments; a short entertainment; and election of next year's club president. This meeting terminates the club's activities for this year.

CAMERA CLUB

Any Tuesday night you can find members of the Camera Club busy developing and enlarging pictures up in 316 under Mr. Conroy's capable direction. Some of the more ingenious members are contemplating making pin hole cameras (cameras made out of shoe boxes). Students interested in this line of work are welcome to come up and join the group.

DEBATING CLUB

Our Debating Club, which now numbers about thirty members, is busily at work planning their forthcoming debate with Lee. The subject of this debate is the British Loan.

During recent meetings they have had extemporaneous talks on various subjects.

RECENT ASSEMBLIES

While April's crop of assemblies was small it contained a pair of quite interesting talks. The first of these, by Alonzo Pond, was definitely the more interesting. It concerned the millions of square miles of underground America. Enlivening this excellent lecture were colored motion pictures and slides.

Below is the chart which illustrates the students' opinions of this assembly.

EXCELLENT	GOOD	FAIR	POOR
20%	56%	20%	4%

It is unfortunate that P. H. S. pupils must have all their assemblies "sugar coated" by the addition of motion pictures or some similar device. However, the necessity for these trimmings became evident during a lecture given by Irina Khrabroff, who spoke on "Russia". While Miss Khrabroff undoubtedly had something of real value to offer, few of us took the trouble to accept it. This is amply demonstrated by the chart below.

EXCELLENT	GOOD	FAIR	POOR
16%	48%	8%	28%

BAND CONCERT

Strains of "Swanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home" included in "Gems of Stephen Foster" have been issuing forth from Room 108 for many weeks as P. H. S. band members practice diligently for the annual concert on June seventh. Under the leadership of Mr. Gorman, trumpeters, trombonists and clarinetists have been bending their efforts toward producing "Hall of Fame" by Lafrank, Orpheus Overture by Offenbach, and a waltz "Badner Madlin" by Komzak. An excellent trumpet solo "Stars in a Velvety Sky" will be played by David Mendel, accompanied by the band. A brass quartet selection is also being planned.

THE SOLDIER OF OLD

By Ernestine Trotter

Once by the cold and dreary Seine,
A soldier rose up to fight again.
He saw and knew why others were here,
Fighting to keep what they held dear.

And in their midst he saw a lad,
One who should have called him, "Dad".
He was fighting for life with man-made means,
Fighting for country to keep honor clean.

The soldier of old stood sadly,
His head and heart bowed down,
While his son drew his last mortal breath
Upon the crimson ground.

He stretched his hand out to meet him
When he reached the other side,
He spoke and his heart was joyful
As he felt paternal pride.

"I'm proud, my son," was all he said
And smiling they both turned,
And went where they could be happy
To a land they both had earned.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Edwin Potter

ON May 2 the Vocational School held its annual Open House. The public was invited to see how the boys are taught their trades and to talk with some of the vocational teachers.

The people first entered the annex on East Street and saw the exhibits which were displayed in the classroom. They then went through the auto-mechanics, auto body, woodworking and sheet metal shops. They then entered the high school and went through the machine shop, drafting room, print shop, and household arts laboratories. All of these shops were in operation with the boys doing the work that they regularly do in a class day.

One of the main features of the Open House was the guidance clinic located in the gym. Ninth graders and their parents attended and were met by junior high school principals and teachers and members of the high school guidance staff under Mr. Charles E. Murphy. The purpose of the clinic was to acquaint parents with the various courses offered and to assist them to select the proper courses for their sons and daughters. This assistance was based upon the objective profile tests given recently and the scholastic and extra-curricular record of the pupil.

EASTER DISPLAY

Pupils passing Room 239 in recent weeks were sure to have noted the attractive articles on display there. These displays were made by members of the retail selling class, conducted by Miss Eileen Murphy.

Included were a toy display, Easter basket display, millinery display, and artistic work on the blackboards. The winning display was made by Ann Leidhold and Jacqueline Girard.

This interesting work is done as part of their course, and displays are made at the various seasons of the year.



MISS MARY KELLY
Teacher of English

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED
WITH THE FACULTY

Miss Mary Kelly, who presides over Room 140, has had a very interesting career. This genial teacher of English graduated from the College of Saint Elizabeth, Convent Station, New Jersey, and took advanced work in Speech and Dramatics at the Curry School of Expression in Boston. She found vent for her special training in the Town Players and Players Guild organizations, in both of which she participated as a player and director. In the latter capacity, she was responsible for the success of many P. H. S. Senior plays. Her love for the theater prompts her to attend the Broadway productions and rehearsals, and frequently to act as reviewer of current successes.

As a companion hobby, this teacher enjoys travel. Some years before the war she visited Europe, the British Isles, Canada, and all sections of our own country.

All in all, Miss Kelly can provide you with interesting accounts of her varied experiences.



MR. JOHN CARMODY
Supervisor of Physical Education and Football Coach

Yea, Coach!

FOR the past twenty-five years the sight of healthy young bodies, the sound of vibrant voices, accented by happy and excited notes, and the pleasure of youthful comradeship have been familiar to Mr. John Carmody, the supervisor of the physical education department of P. H. S. During his years of work here, Mr. Carmody has trained

hundreds of boys who have come and gone, perhaps, almost too quickly for him. A great many of these boys have grown to successful manhood and have benefited through the efforts of their former high school coach. Mr. Carmody has worked carefully and diligently and has always set fair play and honesty as goals for his pupils. Skilled ath-

letes and fine teams are the proof of all his efforts. For Mr. Carmody, satisfaction need not be prompted by praise, for he is reminded of his success daily by the sight of healthy, honest men, many citizens of Pittsfield, who had passed under his guidance.

The sound of a bouncing ball, the quickened steps of young men, their shouts of excitement are music to the ears of one of the P. H. S. coaches, Mr. Charles Stewart. In many years filled with constant training, sweat and worry, Mr. Stewart has presented



MR. CHARLES STEWART
Basketball and Baseball Coach

to Berkshire sports fans, champion teams and athletes long to be remembered for their excellent achievements. His students, all, who are his friends, have always respected their teacher and have looked to him as a fine, capable leader.

Both Mr. Carmody and Mr. Stewart are stepping aside to make room for a younger coach who is to come to P. H. S. in the near future. Amid the ensuing excitement Mr. Carmody and Mr. Stewart have stayed modestly in the background, but P. H. S. cannot

forget their efforts, their hard work, and their achievements. THE STUDENT'S PEN takes this opportunity to thank them and congratulate them for work well done.

TRACK REVIEW

As this is written, the prospects for a successful track season appear bright.

There are a few veterans returning to the squad this year and many new candidates. The holdovers from last year's team, which won second-place at the Western Mass. are: Captain Joe Bolster who won the half mile, Warren Harmon who won the pole vault, and Auggie Marra who placed third in the javelin throw. Other veterans include: Don Dubacher, the hurdles; Eddie Andrews, the mile; Stephen Pixley, the pole vault; and Bill Crawford, the dash. The loss of Al Bishop into the service will be greatly felt. He was a broad-jumper and dash man.

The schedule for this year's track meets are:

May 18	Berkshire School
May 24	Drury
June 1	Western Mass. at Westfield

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

May 4	Pittsfield 27—St. Joseph's 2
May 8	Pittsfield 6—Dalton 2
May 13	Pittsfield 5—Adams 2
May 15	Williamstown at Pittsfield
May 18	Pittsfield at Bennington
May 22	Pittsfield at Drury
May 29	St. Joe at Pittsfield
June 1	Dalton at Pittsfield
June 5	Adams at Pittsfield
June 8	Pittsfield at Williamstown
June 12	Bennington at Pittsfield
June 15	Drury at Pittsfield



WINNERS OF INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

First Row: Margery Thebodo, Carmina Zofrea, *Captain*, Ann LaPorte
Second Row: Margaret Gibbs, Jean Homich, Betty Limont, Genevieve Hunt, Patricia Tierney, Doris Cauffman, Edith Evans

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Jeanne Murphy

BASKETBALL

Wednesday, April 10, marked the end of one of the most exciting basketball tournaments in many years. This year's junior basketball team really had the seniors worried. The juniors opened the tournament by defeating the upper classmen 27 to 23. Tuesday, April 9, both teams met again in the gym. After one of the fastest games, and best displays of teamwork, the timekeeper called "time" and the game was over. The seniors had won 26 to 21.

The ensuing game was a replica of their preceding game with teamwork, speed and accuracy in shooting being displayed by both teams. When the whistle ending the last quarter had blown, the score stood at 32 points for the seniors and 29 for the juniors.

It was a victorious senior team that left the gym that day. On the senior team were: Carmina Zofrea, captain; Jean Homich, Marjorie Thebodo, Edith Evans, Genevieve Hunt, Margaret Gibbs, Doris Cauffman, Anne La Porte, Patricia Tierney and Betty Lamont. On the Junior team were: Rosemary Elworthy, captain; Mildred Barnes, Janet Ellis, Rita Kushi, Dorothy Ellis, Rosylind Feldstern, Ann Helliwell, Beth Harrington, Barbara Komunercki, and Marilyn Reder. On the sophomore team were: Emilou Starke, Janet Delgallo, Virginia Dittmar, Mary Leahy, Jean Smith, Rose De Angelus, Marjorie Sununu, Patricia Williams, Alma Rosenfield, Mary Kelly, Mary Grenfield, and Phyllis Mastrangelo.



Left to Right: Dorothy Kelly, Louise Wesley, Ann Helliwell, Janet Ellis, Rosemary Eagen, Mildred Barnes, Barbara Helliwell.

SWIMMING

This year the girls of P. H. S. have added another sport to their list of favorites. The new sport which has drawn so many enthusiasts is swimming. The girls may be found every Thursday at the Boys' Club, practicing for the final test of aquatic ability. The first swimming meet, held on March 21, was won by the junior team. The second meet, held on April 11, was also won by the junior team. At both of these meets much ability was discovered in form swimming, speed swimming, and diving. On the junior team were: Mildred Barnes, Janet Ellis, Rosemary Eagan, Dorothy Kelly, Barbara Helliwell, Ann Helliwell, and Louise Wesley.

WINNERS IN THE 1946 BOWLING TOURNAMENT

Seated: Ann Helliwell, who finished first.
Standing, right: Eleanor Hunt who was second; and left, Anita Eberwein, third.



In Appreciation

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello, Editor

IF a genie were to appear before me and grant me one wish I would ask that he give me the ability to show my appreciation to everyone who has helped to make the editing of The PEN a wonderful experience. I SINCERELY THANK

Miss Pfeiffer, whose graciousness and patience have made three years of association with The STUDENT'S PEN unforgettable.

Mr. Hennessey, who has acted as a wise adviser of the advertising staff and who has shown keen interest in the activities of both staffs.

Barbara Kinghorn, who has efficiently overseen the financial side of The PEN.

Gertrude Giese for her unusual verse.

Betty Kreiger for her fine essays and poetry.

Joan Fossa and Janet Clark, who have acted as the Walter Winchells of P. H. S.

Coralie Howe, whose short stories are always eagerly welcomed by PEN readers.

Jeanne Murphy for gathering girls' sports news single-handed, and even making sports news herself.

Shirley Dartt, Eleanor Bearzi, Muriel Butler, and Emilou Starke for their many original and clever illustrations.

Athena D. and Athena G. Giftos, who have acted as jacks-of-all-trades in the setting up of The PEN.

Alma and Claire Rosenfield who have contributed many charming essays and who have done a large share of reporting.

Marilyn Reder and Americo Contenta for expertly wielding the flashbulb.

Warren Harmon, who has supervised the boys' sports section skillfully.

Robert Skole for his wit, and for saving mine.

Mr. Gilson and Mr. Scharmann, our engraver and our printer respectively, for their

endless patience and cooperation and for presenting us with the finished product with ease.

The entire PEN staff, who have worked diligently and faithfully.

To all these I again express my thanks and gratitude and leave with the hope that all future editors will find PEN work as much fun and as satisfying as I have.

Special Note:

THE STUDENT'S PEN staff adds a last word of its own:—Our thanks to our editor, Mary Ellen Criscitiello, who with infinite patience and good humor has inspired and guided and spurred us along until the final dead line was reached.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

WHY WILL YOU MISS SCHOOL THIS SUMMER?

MARJORIE SULLIVAN—I'll miss it like the measles!!

"OTTO" KERNS—I'll miss my "Cookies" in the library.

THERESE WALSH—Serious? Delirious!

MARION PINCU—I enjoy my English so much.

"COOKIE" BUDROW—Should I???

JOAN McLAUGHLIN—I won't!!

ROBERT PARKER—I'll miss all the vacations.

LOIS MOULIN—Are you kidding?

"SHY" REEVES—I won't have to rush through my homework before class.

"MARNEY" WOOD—I won't see the girls.

BARBARA GRANT—Because of the charm of Miss Kaliher's history class.

"CARROT" O'HEARN—I won't be able to take Mr. Geary's algebra tests.

MARCIA WELLER—I'll miss talking in class.

RICHARD HARRINGTON—I'm sick of it.

MISS RHODES—I shan't miss it in the least.

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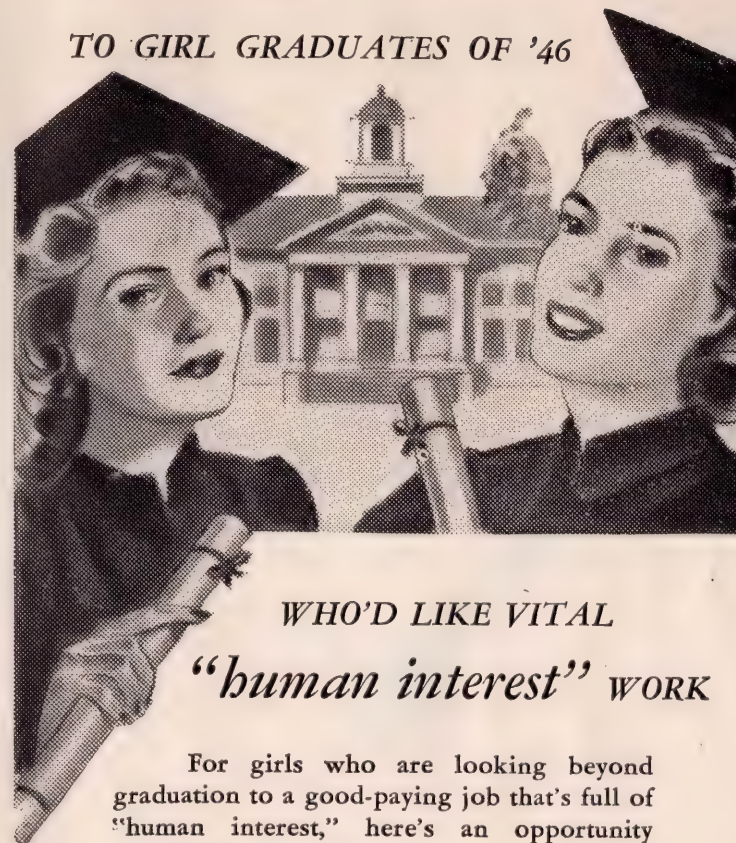
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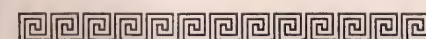


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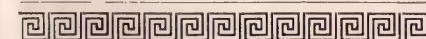
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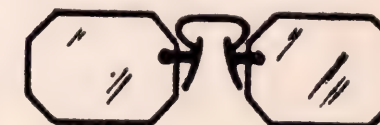
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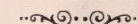
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